

Gankona, Unnachgiebig, UnitÄ

by KH freak 813

Category: Hetalia - Axis Powers

Genre: Drama, Romance

Language: English

Characters: Germany, Japan, N. Italy

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-09 06:58:35

Updated: 2016-04-27 15:40:28

Packaged: 2016-04-27 21:22:58

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 14,640

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: One of them seems all tough and harsh on the outside, but is actually soft. The other seems all cold and calculating on the outside, but is actually warm. How is Italy to choose between Germany and Japan, his two closest friends? Can he even? Gerita vs. Itapan. Shounen-ai.

1. Chapter 1

Hello readers! It's **KH freak 813** here! Okay, I have been suffering a bit of writer's block due to immense amounts of schoolwork, preparation for college, and a general lack of motivation. However, this idea had struck me in the head and I couldn't help but write it out! In fact, this could help me; by writing what I like, I can get my motivation back! (:

As of a few months ago, I was brought into the world of Hetalia! It's just too cute and hilarious! This is my first story in this fandom! I hope you enjoy! XD

Gerita vs. Itapan: which couple will win? Will one or none of them? Find out for yourselves! ;)

No flames please! Don't like, don't read.

Disclaimer: I do not own any aspect of Hetalia. It belongs to Hidekaz Himaruya. I only own this and every other story I have.

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><p>"What should I do? What should I do?!"<p>

One could swear fire was being burned into the hapless tiles of the unfortunate floor as a bulky blond with bright blue eyes paced wildly like a man possessed, restless as he impatiently waited for a certain someone to arrive at his house.

"What am I supposed to do?!" Hair was nearly ripped out of its roots as fists were clutched, harshly yanked in exasperation. "How am I supposed to tell him?!" A certain brunet instantly popped into the man's mind, limpid brown eyes full of light and happiness flashing brilliantly. A bright blush instantly flamed up. "Mein Gott! Pull. Yourself. Together!" Poor brain that was taking those beatings from frustrated fists!

"Ve~Doitsu!" The door flew open, an auburn blur flashing past before colliding straight into the blond, arms wrapped in a vice grip. It was a wonder the blond didn't fall over.

The addressed glared. "ITALIEN! How many times do I have to tell you to call me Germany, not _that?! _Anything but _that!_ It's in _his_ language!" Shudder.

"Demo...demo!" The arms tightened as supple lips drew down into a pout. "You didn't have a problem with that in the past!"

Blue eyes narrowed dangerously, the use of _that_ language fueling the German's rage. "ITALY!"

"Doitsu-san, I believe you shouldn't be so harsh to Italia-kun. He did nothing wrong." The rage only flared up at the sight of a raven man bearing piercing black eyes stepping into the picture.

Brown eyes lit up, the brunet's head snapping towards the newcomer. "NIHON!" The blond nation found a sudden lack of Italy as the auburn blur flashed toward the raven, trapping him in an absolute death grip, the energetic brunet rubbing their cheeks together. "Ciao! Ciao!" How the deep crimson flush went unnoticed by the Italian is a mystery even to this very day.

"What is _he_ doing here anyways?!" The rage boiled over as the brunet continued to give _him_ affection, barely restraining the urge to punch a hole through a wall. Barely.

Japan turned towards Germany, expression unreadable. "Italia-kun came to visit me this morning and asked if I wanted to spend some time with him. I agreed of course but he said he was going to spend the day with you too, so I would have to tag along." He shrugged. "So here I am. Italia-kun was ahead of me because he ran here while I walked."

"I never invited you!" The enraged blond nation stomped over to the two smaller ones, glaring full force at one of them. However, despite the prominent height difference, the Asian wasn't intimidated in the least.

Italy frowned. "Demo Doitsu!" Cringe. "I want Nihon to hang out with us!" Twitch. "The three of us are best friends!" Flinch. "It's been a while since the three of us have hung out!" Tears began filling limpid brown eyes. "We used to always be together as the Axis; I miss those times so much!" Even the coldest of hearts would melt at the sight of such a beautiful creature in misery.

Germany sighed, unable to continue his protests at the sight of those tears; he hated seeing his precious Italy cry after all.

"...Fine."

"YAY!" The tears instantly dried up as if they were never there, a dazzling grin taking place of the previous sadness. "Let's go to my place! There's going to be a fireworks festival tonight and I want you both to come!"

The blond's brow twitched. "Then why did you want to come to my place?"

"The thing is..." The brunet sheepishly scratched the back of his neck. "The people at my place are kinda busy setting up and I don't want you both to see that."

The raven chuckled. "Sokka." He smiled. "So you didn't want us to get caught up in the rush of people bustling about?"

"Exactly!" The energetic nation beamed. "And since Doitsuâ€" Cringe "â€"s place is really close to mine, I decided we should meet up here!"

Japan nodded, his normally stoic features fond. "Subarashii, Italia-kun."

"Yatta!" The smile Italy gave could rivalâ€"and bestâ€"the sun.

The raven smirked. "I see you like speaking my language. Have my lessons helped you out?"

"Lessons?" Germany hissed.

The latter was ignored however, the brunet nodding rapidly at the former. "SÃ~! SÃ~! Boku wa omae no gengo ga suki!" Germany cringed at all the Japanese that slipped past the brunet's lips. However...

"So you do like my language?" The raven chuckled at the rapid nod he received. "I'm glad."

Ding!

Italy's ears perked up at the sudden noise. "Was that a timer?"

"Ja." Italy turned his attention back to Germany as he spoke. "In preparation for your arrival, I had some pasta and pizza prepared. Also, there's some gelato in the fridge."

The magic word had been spoken. "PAAAASSSSSTTTTTAAAAA~!" And he was out of the room in a flash, arms no longer around the raven as he sped into the kitchen. "PASTA! PASTA! PASTA! PASTA! PIZZA! GELATO! THANKS GERMANY!" The addressed smirked.

"It's on, isn't it?" Japan glared at the blond.

As a cry of utmost joy echoed throughout the entire house, Germany returned the glare. "Oh it's on."

* * *

><p>Translation:

â€¢German:

Mein Gott=My god, Italien=Italy,
Ja=Yes

â€¢Japanese:

Doitsu=Germany, Demo=But, Italia=Italy, Nihon=Japan, Sokka=I see,
Subarashii=Wonderful, Yatta=All right, Boku wa omae no gengo ga
suki=I like your language

â€¢Italian:

Ciao=Hello, SÃ¬=Yes

YES, I know that Italy actually refers to himself as 'Ore' in the Japanese version, but I like 'Boku' more for him.

I'm curious: which do you prefer, Gerita or Itapan? The end pairing is already set and won't change, but I just want to know! The first eight who can guess the correct endgame ship will win a special prize from me at the end of this story! :D

How was it?

****Please review! I really appreciate them and they motivate me to write more!****

2. Chapter 2

Hello readers! I would like to thank ****Guest****, ****Jazz****, and ****Guest**** for reviewing the previous chapter plus ****Loriel Fluer**** for commenting on it in addition to favoriting before following as well as ****Katzenpfote01**** along with ****Magician of Khemet**** for favoriting not forgetting following sans leaving out ****Daughter Earth 89**** for following! Thank you very much! I really appreciate it!

You'll find out what the endgame ship is soon ****Loriel Fluer****...
J:

Oh you'll be surprised ****Guest****. The endgame ship is not necessarily so because it's common, but because I LOVE it. Find out at the end!
C:

I'm glad you like this ****Jazz****! Yeah, it's sad how there's no Philippines in the series as of yet! By the way, did you check out what I most recently updated on Of Thirty-One Days? :D

Nice enthusiasm ****Guest****! We'll see soon enough! (:

TO ALL THE READERS OF THIS FIC: I'll give a little hint regarding the endgame ship...read the story summary. That's all I'll say!
;)

ALSO...I decided to change the rules a little bit: the first EIGHT people who guess correctly receive that special prize from me at the end of this story! It's not just four or one anymore! I'll put this change in the first chapter too! XD

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><p>As a cry of utmost joy echoed throughout the entire house, Germany returned the glare. "Oh it's on."

* * *

><p>"VE~!"<p>

As the blond and raven nations entered the kitchenâ€"definitely not giving each other death glares along the way, not at allâ€"the sight of a certain brunet country shoveling forkful after forkful of spaghetti into his mouth, a slice of pizza in his other hand with gelato on top greeted them. Only Italy could pull off wolfing food down his throat and still look absolutely adorable.

"Thank you so much Germany!" Italy beamed. "Going from Japan's house to yours sure made me hungry!" The mentioned narrowed his eyes, not pleased with the latest development. At. All.

The blond scratched the back of his neck, sheepishly turning away. "...No problem. Anything for you." He abruptly covered his mouth, coughing into a fist. "ich liebe dich."

"Huh?" Italy cocked his head to the side, confused. "What does that mean?"

The blond became all flustered. "Nothing! It's nothing important!"

"Really?" The brunet blinked. "I could have _sworn_ you said that too during World War II when I confronted you about a bad rumor England spread about us." He groaned. "Aww man! I really don't know my German!" He turned towards Germany, eyes pleading. "Could you please give me German lessons like Japan has been giving me Japanese lessons?! _Please?!_"

The bulky nation conceded, unable to resist the Italian. "...Fine."

"YAY!" The brunet flung himself at the taller country, latching on tightly. "Thanks Germany!" He then looked up, staring into the larger nation's eyes. "Could you tell me what 'ich liebe dich' means first?"

Tomatoes would be jealous with how red the man became. "Y-You don't need to know!"

"Come on!" Italy pouted. "Tell meâ€"

"Arf! Arf!"

"Woof! Woof!"

"Ruff! Ruff!"

The door leading to the backyard burst open, three rapidly-moving blurs speeding towards the Europeans, knocking them over. "Blackie! Berlitz! Aster!" The projectiles were revealed to be three dogs, a Dachshund, German Shepherd, and Golden Retriever rapidly licking at the brunet's face.

"N-No! Stop it guys!" No such thing; the canines continued to slobber on their target, the brunet laughing at the excessive affection he received.

Their owner huffed as he picked himself up. "Stop already." No such luck. The man rubbed his temples, shaking his head. "You leave me no choice." He walked over to a cabinet, opening it before pulling out several doggie snacks. The pooches immediately ceased, rushing over to their master as he dangled the morsels before dropping them, the dogs gobbling them up. Germany sighed. "Those were special treats I was saving for their birthdays."

"Sorry." The blond glanced down at the brunet as he wiped at his eyes. "I didn't mean for you to have to use up your treats for me."

Germany sighed. "Don't worry about it." He reached a hand down, offering it to Italy. "Blackie, Berlitz, and Aster are very fond of you; it's almost impossible to get them off of those they really like." He huffed. "That's why I usually keep them outside when you come over. I must have forgotten to lock the door."

"It's fine!" Italy laughed as he took the offered hand, rising back up. "I like your dogs too! They're really cute!" He sighed as he glanced down at his outfit. "Aww man! They tracked mud onto my cosplay!"

The blond was confused. "Cosplay?" And then he noticed what Italy was wearing; a tan suit over a white dress shirt and red tie adorned his upper half as black dress pants and shoes were on the lower. "What is that supposed to be?"

"It's the practice of dressing up as a character from a movie, book, or video game, especially from the Japanese genres of manga and anime." The Europeans turned as the Asian approached, Japan currently dressed in a sort of white maid outfit with a white cloth over his head completing the ensemble.

Germany glared at the raven. "Why the heck do you wear that?"

"Oh this?" The addressed gestured to his outfit. "I always wear this when I clean up, Doitsu-san." He then turned toward the shorter of the two, reaching behind his back. "It's alright Italia-kun. I always bring spare cosplays with me." He reached into some sort of secret compartment behind his back, pulling out an identical outfit to the one the brunet was currently wearing. Seriously, how do anime characters have such an ability?

Italy beamed. "Arigato Nihon!" Japan smirked at the use of his language, a prominent tick mark appearing on the temple of the other country. Italy swiftly discarded his ruined outfit—the other two nations quickly looking away as the brunet stripped—before taking the clean set from the raven, dressing back up.

"Oh, here Italia-kun." A towel was then held up to the auburn's drool-infested face, the raven wiping off the slobber.

The taller giggled. "That tickles!" The sight he caught as the saliva had been cleared up perplexed him. "Nihon? Why is your face red?"

"N-Nandemo nai!" The flush only deepened, the raven flustered as he rushed toward a mop, picking it up. "I have to clean up this mess! Sumimasen!"

Germany glared. "I can clean up my own house myself."

"It's fine; besides, I can't stand the sight of messes." Japan returned the glare, dunking the mop into a bucket before proceeding to wipe up the mud the dogsâ€"who were now currently asleepâ€"tracked into the house.

Italy ran up to the raven, a multitude of rags in hand as his sleeves were rolled up. "Let me help you Nihon!"

"Arigato, Italia-kun." Japan smiled. The two then worked, the raven washing as the brunet dried.

Realizing he could do nothing, Germany sighed. "I'll prepare a bath for the dogs and have your original cosplay cleaned, Italien."

"Arigato Doitsu!" The blond's aura darkened as he picked up the discarded clothes, glaring spitefully at the creator of that language who once again returned the glare. The cleaning continued after the owner of house had left, the mess cleaned up in no time. Realization suddenly dawned on the brunet, him rushing to the kitchen table. "Oops! I almost forgot to wash these dishes!" He picked up the mass amounts of plates he had eaten from, putting them into the sink.

Japan smiled. "We'll do them together." And then another assembly line was formed, the Asian washing the dishes as the European dried them.

As Italy watched Japan's brows furrow in concentration, he beamed. "Stai benissimo, Giappone!" At those words, the raven accidentally bumped into the brunet, eyes widening in shock.

"Sumimasen Italia-kun!" Rubies couldn't get any redder than Japan at that moment.

Yet for some strange reason that even the smartest genius in all of existence wouldn't be able to figure out, the Italian didn't notice. "It's fine Nihon!"

"Since when did you know Italian?" The two turned toward the source of the voice, Germany coming back into the room.

The brunet grinned. "Nihon said that in exchange for him giving me Japanese lessons, I would give him Italian lessons! It's been working out nicely!"

"ich sehe..." The blond narrowed his eyes at a certain man who he had

considered as a rival for some time.

Italy brightened up. "Oh yeah! How do I look?"

"You look...really nice." Germany blushed. "But who are you dressing up as?"

Japan snickered. "'Cosplaying', Doitsu-san." He smiled as he turned to the brunet. "You make a nice Light Yagami."

"Light?! Who the heck names someone Light?!" Germany demanded, incredulous.

The raven chuckled. "In Japanese, his name would be said as 'Yagami Raito', with the kanji for 'Yagami' translating to 'Night God' and the kanji for 'Raito' translating to 'Moon'." He shrugged. "Technically, the kanji for his first name is actually written as 'Tsuki', but here is pronounced as 'Raito'. People call him 'Light' in other languages."

"...That's still a really strange name." Germany muttered.

The Asian shrugged. "It's actually pretty symbolic. You would know its meaning if you ever read or watched Death Note."

"That's right!" The brunet jumped in. "Nihon and I love Death Note and anime and manga in general!"

A high five was exchanged, the two smiling at each other. "Oh, that's right." Japan disappeared into a bathroom for a short amount of time before reappearing, now clad in a sharp black suit and tie with a white dress shirt and black pants, taking hexagonal glasses from his pocket—or wherever anime characters store all their stuff—before putting them on.

"You're cosplaying as Teru Mikami, right?" Italy gasped. "You look so cute!"

The raven put up an affronted front. "I am not cute." The blush coating his cheeks gave him away though.

"Oh you're not cute..." Italy smirked. "You're cute and hot!"

The complimented spontaneously combusted. "I-Italia-kun!" Blue eyes narrowed dangerously at that. "You look c-cute and h-hot too! In fact, you look better than Light Yagami!"

"Oh, I highly doubt that!" The brunet sheepishly rubbed the back of his neck. He suddenly appeared confused. "Why aren't you cosplaying as L Lawliet, Light's greatest rival and the three greatest detectives in the world?"

The raven chuckled. "As incredible as L is, I wouldn't exactly feel comfortable with wearing only a baggy white shirt and jeans. And..." His cheeks became red. Again. "I could never do what L did to Light to you. Besides, Teru was extremely loyal to Light, referring to him as Kami-sama."

"That's true!" The brunet laughed. "'Boku wa Kira janai!'"

Japan played along. "'Sakujo!'" The two burst out into laughter, clutching at their sides.

"...Okay." Germany _so_ doesn't get anime. Suddenly remembering his task at hand, he crouched down, picking up his pets who awoke instantly, affectionately licking their master. The owner took out a towel, wiping at their paws. "Now they won't track more mud."

Japan smirked. "Pochi-kun hates getting messy, so he only needs a bath once a month."

"Your Shiba dog is pretty cute as well!" The raven smiled at that compliment.

Two could play at that game... "You know, I learned Italian from my stay at Italy's place during World War II, seeing as we live pretty close to each other." He chuckled. "We visited each other all the time."

"And still do!" The energetic nation interjected. "It's great, isn't it? Germanyâ€" Smirk "â€" 's place is a really nice place to stay in when my place gets too hot!"

The blond sighed. "You always sneak into my bed at night and sleep with me though."

"Because it's so nice Germany!" Italy exclaimed.

Oh, Japan knew where this was going. "You also show up in my bed at night."

"Because it's so cosy Nihon!" Mission accomplished.

The tallest glared daggers at the shortest who wasn't fazed in the slightest. "He's slept with me more."

"Only because you knew him longer and live closer."

"That doesn't change anything."

"Keep telling yourself that Doitsu-san."

"You just won't admit it." Sparks flew in the air as the rivals glowered at each other...

...which made the Italian feel awkward. "Um...I'll wash the dogs!" As if on cue, the canines leapt from their master's arms towards the brunet, Italy literally fleeing the room from the increasing tension. The good mood from earlier was officially broken.

However, even as the brunet resided in the bathroomâ€"scrubbing the dogs who kept giving him slobbery kissesâ€"the angry voices still carried over.

"You're too short."

"You're too tall."

"You're too cold and calculating. You hardly ever speak your mind."

"You're too harsh. I see how you punch and choke Italia-kun."

"WAS HAST DU GESAGT?!"

"MOU ICHIDO ITTE KUDASAI?!"

Italy couldn't take it anymore; he burst out of the bathroom, rushing into the kitchen where he witnessed the two clashing countries coming close to strangling each other. "PERFAVORE FERMATI!" The warring nations immediately ceased at the Italian's cry, shocked as they witnessed the tears flooding down in torrents. "Si prega di smettere di combattere! Siete miei amici piÃ¹ cari!" Guilt flooded the two, both rushing towards their companion.

"Es tut mir leid!"

"Sumimasen!"

The two trapped the brunet in a tight embraceâ€”Japan in the front while Germany in the backâ€”as he bawled, whispering apologies over and over again. Finally, the tears slowed down before ceasing altogether, the normally bubbly nation wrapping an arm each around his friends' shoulders. "So...you'll stop fighting now?"

The two shared an uneasy glance, but at the sight of limpid begging eyes, they couldn't say anything else. "...We'll try."

"YAY!" Italy held them even closer to himself, kissing both on each cheek. Let's just say even a statue couldn't have been more still than they were.

It took the three dogs colliding into them full-force to reanimate the two. Germany sighed. "So you feel better now?"

"Yeah!" It was as if the brunet had never been upset in the first place.

Japan smiled. "I'm glad."

"Oh wait!" Realization suddenly dawn on him as he glanced at the silver watch around his wrist. "It's 4:00pm."

The blond quirked a brow. "What about 4:00pm?"

"Everyone should have finished setting up by now!" Italy beamed, heading towards the entrance. "Let's go to the fireworks festival!"

* * *

><p>Translation:

â€¢German:

ich liebe dich=I love you, Italien=Italy, ich sehe=I see, Was hast du gesagt=What did you say, Es tut mir leid=I'm sorry

â€¢Japanese:

Doitsu=Germany, Italia=Italy, Nihon=Japan, Nandemo nai=It's nothing, Sumimasen=Excuse me/Sorry, Arigato=Thank you, Kami-sama=God, Boku wa Kira janai=I'm not Kira, Sakujo=Delete, Mou ichido itte kudasai=I beg your pardon

â€¢Italian:

Stai benissimo=You look very nice, Giappone=Japan, Perfavore fermati=Please stop, Si prega di smettere di combattere=Please stop fighting, Siete miei amici piÃ¹ cari=You're my closest friends

Seriously, imagine Italy cosplaying as Light Yagami and Japan cosplaying as Teru Mikami! It's too cute! XD

By the way, I'm a Lawlight shipper. Just saying. L is pretty cute you know! (:

How was it?

****Please review! I really appreciate them and they motivate me to write more****!****

3. Chapter 3

Hello readers! I would like to thank ****Waterheart Dragon****, ****Jazz****, and ****Loriel Fluor**** for reviewing the previous chapter after ****Guest**** followed by another ****Guest**** for doing so for the first plus ****cakeisbest**** for favoriting in addition to following as well as ****Chinasky**** along with ****mirrorkirby64**** for following! Thank you very much! I really appreciate it!

We'll see ****Guest****! ;)

Thank you so much for reviewing ****Waterheart Dragon****! I hope you continue to stick with this story! ^_^

That's nice to know ****Guest****! (:

Oh I saw ****Jazz****! C:

Yeah, that would be nice. There have been other countries than just the Allies and Axis though. /:

Will they or won't they? That is the question... :D

OF COURSE IT IS! XD

Just to let you know, the Axis don't start off as being super close; their friendship grows over time. When it does, it's just too cute! ^_^

Oh yeah, before you begin, you should check out the blogs operated by Since-the-900s on Tumblr. All four are INCREDIBLY adorable! In fact, one of them got me ESPECIALLY attached to the endgame ship! XD

Can you guess which one? :3

By the way, Italy is NOT a useless moronic idiot like what some fans and nations in canon unfortunately think he is! He is MUCH deeper than he seems on the surface! I just needed to get this out of the way! I love him so much! ToT

Did you check your PM ****Loriel Fluer****? It just might be in your best interests to do so if you already haven't! ;)

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><p>"Everyone should have finished setting up by now!" Italy beamed, heading towards the entrance. "Let's go to the fireworks festival!"

* * *

><p>"Ve~! Here we are!"<p>

After securing the dogs and locking up, Germany followed his fellow former Axis members out the door, going towards their destination with the brunet in the lead as they went towards his country.

Words could not describe the beauty of where they stepped foot in; golden lights illuminated the ethereal city brimming with aesthetic architecture below, the warm twilight bathing the already arresting municipality in a heavenly glow. The winding river only added to the alluring qualities of the locus as it reflected the ethereal city in its clear surface, the sight of it all more than enough to stop anyone's heart in sheer awe.

"Let's watch the fireworks from Florence!" Italy beamed, glimpsing at his closest friends in turn. "Germania, Giappone...what do you think?"

The two were unable to respond however, jaws wide open in wonder as they eagerly absorbed the otherworldly atmosphere, bewitched by the unrivaled exquisiteness. "...Utsukushii." Japan muttered as if under a trance. "...Nani mo yori utsukushiku arimasen." A blush ignited the brunet's cheeks at those words; Florence is a part of him after all.

"...Wunderschön. There's absolutely nothing that could compare to this." Germany murmured. "I have always known that Italy is an incredible country. For example, the ancient ruins that speak volumes of history, the amazing works of art, and the unparalleled wealth of culture...the sun that shines upon this beautiful land, and also..."

The brunet just couldn't take it anymore, cheeks aflame as he sheepishly rubbed the back of his neck. "Ehe, heheheheheheh~"

"It's not that I'm praising youâ€œ" The blond cut himself off as realization dawned on him, utter shock etching itself onto his features. "Oh wait, actually I am..." He spontaneously combusted.

Japan smirked at the sight. "We technically are indeed, Doitsu-san."

"Grazie! Grazie!" Unable to control himself, Italy leapt forward, trapping both of his companions in a tight hug, bringing their heads closer to his as he nuzzled their cheeks. "Grazie! Grazie!" You would think both nations were literally about to erupt from how instantaneously crimson they became, flustered far beyond belief. It was a wonder they were still conscious. A real wonder. Nothing could get worse, right? Uh huh. Yeah...no. "Let's go to the festival!" Let's just say when Italy grabbed their hands and started dashing off with the two in tow with that brilliant smile on his face towards the sunset, it was a miracle upon the holiest of miracles that neither abruptly died on the spot from severe cardiac arrest.

* * *

><p>"Ah~! It's so nice to be back!"<p>

People from all over were bustling about the streets of Florence as the trio entered the city, the brunet stretching his arms over his head as they stopped, letting go of his friends' hands. Thank goodness for that; there was so long an explosion could be held back. Thank goodness indeed.

A pleasant aroma wafted towards the three, drawing Italy's attention as he sniffed the air, following the scents. "Cibo! Sono affamato!"

"Even though you ate at my place only a few hours ago?" Germany quirked a brow, not amused.

Japan shrugged. "Italia-kun can't help it when he gets hungry. Don't chastise him for something he can't control." That remark earned him a glare which he pointedly ignored. The two sped their pace, catching up to the Italian who stood in front of the food stalls, looking around as he was unable to decide. There were simply too many options after all!

"Aww! Which one?!" Italy cried. "Should I choose one or them all?!"

A cook tapped on his watch impatiently, rolling his eyes. "We have actual customers you know." How rude! Just who did that guy think he was talking to?!

"Have some tiramisu." The brunet turned as the blond approached on his right, holding up a fluffy layered dessert which appeared to be dipped in coffee on a plate, a spoon beside it.

The raven went to the left, what seemed to be pasta but with additions not normally found in Italian cuisine in his hands, a fork intertwined in the strands. "Try some hijiki and dried shiitake mushroom spaghetti." He pointed to the contents. "The hijiki and shiitake are both full of fiber and umami."

"What the heck is that supposed to be?" Germany demanded, narrowing his eyes at his rival.

Once again, the glare was returned. "It's a dish comprised of both Japanese and Italian elements." He smirked. "Italian food has been popular in my country ever since World War II."

"Japanese and Italian elements?" The blond sneered. "It looks like a mockery of Italian cuisine to me."

Japan's eyes narrowed _dangerously_. "_Do not_ insult the food."

"At least my country keeps true to Italian food, not corrupt it into _that_." Oh he went there.

The Asian gritted his teeth in an uncharacteristic display of fury. "Italia-kun and I have created a fusion of dishes through cultural exchange." He pointed an accusatory finger at the larger man. "Do you have any Italian-styled German food?"

"Warum du!" Oh he went there.

That same rude chef rolled his eyes. Again. "If you two are going to fight, go somewhere else." Oh how right that guy was...

"Yoink!" The clashing nations jolted as Italy snatched up a scoop from each plate, placing them into his mouth. "Yum!" He grinned. "These taste so good!" The brunet then took both utensils out, returning them to their proper dishes before taking another scoop from each, offering them to their respective holders. "Try some Germania, Giappone!" Even the most infernal fires of Dis wouldn't come close to matching how hot they got as they heard him laugh, that dazzling smile doing nothing to alleviate the situation. At. All.

Unable to resist, the addressed did just that, the rich flavors exploding on their tongues. "OishÄ«!"

"kÄ«stlich!"

"I'm glad!" The brunet beamed. As soon as the three had finished eatingâ€"Germany and Japan feeding Italy with the silverware they ate off from as well, blushing as they did soâ€"they were on their way, turning from the stands.

The rude chef scoffed at their retreating backs. "Good riddance."

Let's just say he ended up wetting his pants as two pairs of eyes filled with murderous intent glared the worst of deaths at him.

* * *

><p>"Just what are you thinking, Italien?"<p>

The former Axis walked along the bustling roads of the city once more, wandering around. The strangely melancholic expression that made its way onto the normally cheerful nation's face failed to go past his companions, the blond the one to break the silence.

The brunet sighed. "Looking at this landscape makes me think about what happened here more than seven hundred years ago." His gaze became far-off, drawing concerned looks from the pair. "Italy was

once divided between the Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Guelphs siding with the Pope while the Ghibellines sided with the Emperor." He rubbed his temples. "I remember here in Florence that the Guelphs had taken control and driven off all the Ghibellines." He shook his head. "I remember being unable to do anything. I wished that at least the fighting would stop, only for the Guelphs to be split into the Whites and Blacks." The explainer then sighed. "I remember Dante Alighieri"who was a member of the Whites"being exiled from Florence in 1302. It's so sad; he was never allowed to come back."

"Isn't he the author of The Divine Comedy?" Japan questioned.

Italy nodded. "S~. Of the three parts I__nferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso...Inferno has always been my favorite."

"It's definitely interesting." Germany added. "The text is filled with all sorts of symbolism down to each word."

The brunet beamed. "S~! And the terza rima structure throughout is so creative!" He then shook his head. "Although translations do not do the work justice..."

"That's why I read the original version." The auburn snapped up, turning to the raven as he continued talking. "Only the original version in Italian follows a precise structure throughout; no language could hope to imitate that ingenious style."

The blond nodded. "If I remember correctly, The Divine Comedy helped set up the basis for modern Italian, am I right?"

"Right..." The melancholic look suddenly returned. "Why did such a wonderful man have to suffer so much? He couldn't even return to his homeland and never did!" He glanced around. "Florence and all of Italy are what they are today because of him." Bangs hid normally limpid brown eyes. "I should have done something."

A hand was placed on each of the brunet's shoulders, ripping his thoughts away from his lamentation as he glanced at both of his friends in turn. "Please don't say that Italia-kun. Please don't blame yourself for any of this. There are just some things we cannot change; your boss at that time, Pope Boniface VIII, just had too much power."

"Each and every one of us has our regrets." Germany took over. "But think about it this way: Dante would not have written The Divine Comedy if he had not been exiled. History would be completely different if he hadn't; The Divine Comedy served as a template of sorts to many great poets after all."

The grips were tightened. "What's important is that you look ahead into the future and hope for the best, not stay stuck in the past."

"You could never be happy like that." The largest smiled, directing it at his fellow European. "That would go against the meaning of your name, wouldn't it...Feliciano?"

The use of the brunet's real name brought endless euphoria, all

sullen thoughts banished as a humongous smile took his sorrow's place. "GRAZIE! GRAZIE!" Overtaken by joy, Italy skipped off, extruding an aura of absolute bliss as he ran off into the horizon. For the first time in a long time, the blond and raven were not glaring spitefully at each other, fondness evident on both their faces as they watched their beloved run about like the free spirit he is.

It was the sudden scream that rang out from the blithe's direction that shattered the good mood.

* *
*

><p>Translation:

â€¢German:

WunderschÃ¶n=Beautiful, Warum du=Why you, kÃ¶stlich=Delicious, Italien=Italy

â€¢Japanese:

Utsukushii=Beautiful, Nani mo yori utsukushiku arimasen=There is nothing more beautiful, Doitsu=Germany, Italia=Italy, OishÃ«=Delicious

â€¢Italian:

Germania=Germany, Giappone=Japan, Grazie=Thank you, Cibo=Food, Sono affamato=I'm starving, SÃ«=Yes

By the way, one of the dialogues in this chapter was taken directly out of the series itself! Guess which one? ;)

Sigh. This is what happens when you take English IV AP; you read all sorts of literature, including Dante's Inferno. I mentioned Dante due to his connection to Florence and what ended up happening to him in real life, which would have sadden Italy. Just saying. Sorry if the references annoyed anyone. /:

How was it?

****Please review! I really appreciate them and they motivate me to write more!****

4. Chapter 4

Hello readers! I would like to thank ****Guest****, ****Jazz****, ****Loriel Fluer****, and ****Waterheart Dragon**** for reviewing the previous chapter plus ****Wiwu**** for favoriting this along with A Distorted Reflection, A Serendipitous Encounter, Always And Forever Yours, Bijuu and You, Ghost Most, Into the Darkness of the World, Kalos Action, Kalyeserye ToYaGo!, Kingdom Hearts: Keys in the Heart of the Monster, Leaving Him Behind, Love Will Never Die, Maybe, Just Maybe..., Migawari, My Greatest Regret, My Heart's Place, Not As Simple As It Sounds, Of Thirty-One Days in addition to commenting on it, Once More, Prehistoric Heart, Scare till you're at the Top, Shellshocked, Shinobi no PokÃ©mon, Take My Pain Away, The Depths of Love, The

Merging of Realms, Three's a Crowd as well as Two Worlds Collide!
Thank you very much! I really appreciate it!

Who knows ****Guest****? ;)

Imagine indeed ****Jazz****... *sighs too*

Can he or can he not? That is the question. :D

YEAH! XD

Let's just say the rude chef won't be rude anymore! :3

Did you check out those other two links I showed you in the most recent chapter of Of Thirty-One Days? :D

Did you check out your PM again, ****Loriel Fluer****? C:

Thanks for the praise ****Waterheart Dragon****! ^_^

Aww! Thank you so much ****Wiwu****! Thank you so much for all the favorites too! XD

By the way, have you checked out Jealous? I Think Not... and Until It's Too Late yet? ;)

Oh, I decided to raise the rating from K+ to T due to some of the...content in this chapter.

Disclaimer: I do not own any aspect of Hetalia. It belongs to Hidekaz Himaruya. I only own this and every other story I have.

* * *

><p>It was the sudden scream that rang out from the blithe's direction that shattered the good mood.
_

"ITALIA-KUN!"

"ITALIEN!"

That scream chilled the two nations to the very bone. That bloodcurdling, horrified scream. That chilling bloodcurdling horrified scream that came from their beloved. Their precious, precious beloved. Not even the most violent of wars had stricken as much terror into their hearts as that single scream had done. The fact that Italy was nowhere in sight only compounded their rapidly increasing trepidation, their feet unable to take them as fast as they wanted to their beloved brunet. Just what had happened?! Things were so good only seconds before!

"ITALIA-KUN?!"

"ITALIEN?!"

Both called out to their fellow country, shouting as loudly as they could as they cupped their hands to their mouths, frantically searching the area for the head of familiar auburn hair with a long curl on the left side. A second scream tore through the air, far

louder and far more frightening than the first, the countries' hearts nearly stopping at the absolute terror that haunted the normally bright and cheerful voice.

The raven's heart skipped several beats. "Italia-kun?! Please tell us where you are!"

"Where are you Italien?!" The blond bellowed, trembling uncontrollably as possible scenarios flashed through his mind. None of them ended well.

A miserable whimper could be heard as if in response. However, before a reply could actually be formed, what sounded like someone being muffled reached the pair's ears, that action only spurring them on.

Only the worst clouded the German's mind. "Don't tell me he's being raped!"

"Don't say such unimaginably horrible things Doitsu-san!" The Japanese immediately cut him off, panic rising in his voice. "Don't _ever_ say such horrible things!"

"GERMANIA! GIAPPONE! AIUTAMI!" Fears renewed. Instantly. "SALVAMI!"

A loud thud echoed in the air, that sickening sound followed by a shrill cry. "Don't you know how to shut up you repulsive queer?!" And then they saw it; within a dark, secluded alley, a hulking, burly man stood over the quivering Italian, carelessly yanking him up by his tie before placing him in a choke hold, restricting all air flow as he was ruthlessly, maliciously mangled.

"ITALIA-KUN!"

"ITALIEN!"

The two nations rushed towards the assaulter in the quickest of flashes, ready to beat the ever-loving life out of him. "Stop right there or else he gets it!" "only for the attacker to take the victim's tie and turn it into a noose as the assailant wrapped it around his neck, gagging noises filling the tense atmosphere as the fabric constricted him even further. The sadist smirked malevolently. "If you come any closer..." No more words had to be said. The arrivals halted immediately, glaring the worst of deaths at the fiend who simply laughed at their rage.

"Why are you doing this?" Japan hissed, itching to _murder_ the monster. No one hurts _his_ Italy and gets away with it.

Germany was no better, barely holding himself back from utterly _ruining_ the man. Who cares if he towered above even the blond nation? Those who think it's even a remotely good idea to target _his_ Italy would pay the price. _Steeply_. "What did he do to deserve this?" He gritted his teeth. "_Nothing_, that's what."

"Nothing, huh?" The brute scoffed. "He deserves this punishment for simply _existing_. All gays do."

* * *

><p>"YAY! SONO COSÌ FELICE!" It wasn't every day Italy was called by his true name; after all, countries simply referred to each other by their country names. Feliciano...Italy sure was living up to his name right then; you wouldn't be able to find anyone more happy at that moment.

The Italian kept on skipping, not noticing that he was approaching a...questionable area. If only he knew what was about to happen... "Hey you!" It all occurred in an instant; a hand flashed from a dark alley, yanking the brunet into it. That first scream ripped from the auburn's throat.

"W-What do you want from me?!" Italy cried, absolute terror seizing his frame. The grip on his arms was just too tight, the ensnared completely unable to run away. "Y-You can have all my money! I won't try anything! I swear!" However, the grasp had yet to loosen. The brunet gulped; he did not like the look in the other man's eyes at all...

The captor smirked. "Money? That's not what I want." The slasher smile that crossed the monster's face paralyzed the poor boy in unmatched horror. "...I want you dead." The second scream tore straight out, the unbridled fear causing the sound to carry far further than the first.

"Italia-kun?! Please tell us where you are!"

"Where are you Italien?!"

Rapidly approaching footsteps could be heard, that and the familiar voices coming into range bringing a wave of relief that crashed over the victim. However, unable to speak at the moment due to fear freezing his vocal cords, he let out a miserable whimper, attempting to let his saviors know of his location...

"Oh no you don't." A harsh voice hissed into his ear as a hand muffled his mouth, preventing further sounds from escaping. A smirk was heard. "You know why I'm doing this?" The rapid shaking of the quarry's head only caused the smirk to widen. "It's because you're a fag. Only pansies run like how you did; no normal man would dare." His smirk morphed into a sneer. "Twisted homos making me want to puke. Kill yourself, disgusting virgin fag."

The total terror that seized control of the addressed gave him the strength to momentarily pry off the offending hand, the brunet screaming as loudly as he possibly could. "GERMANIA! GIAPPONE! AIUTAMI! SALVAMI!" The trapped was immediately punched into the ground, a shrill cry leaving his lips.

"Don't you know how to shut up you repulsive queer?!" The brute then delivered a brutal kick, the two nations arriving on the scene moments afterwards.

* * *

><p>"So that's what happened?" Japan snarled, hands continuously clenching into fists as they itched to pound into the beast

in front of him.

The man chuckled coldly. "Precisely."

"Kono bakemono!" The normally stoic man brimmed with unadulterated rage, trembling with barely controlled anger. Barely.

The blond was no different. "Unmensch!" He barked. "Do you know who you're even messing with?! He's Italy, your own country!"

"My own country?" The treasonous laughed. "Oh please! My country can't be a faggot! That would be an insult to all Italians!"

Germany growled. "What's wrong with being gay?!" His eyes narrowed dangerously. "And besides, Italy isn't even gay! He hits on girls all the time!"

"Ha! What a lie!" The homophobe jeered. "He's a fag alright; no straight man could be as much of a poove as this queer. Don't even try to deny it." He scowled as he glanced over his victim's outfit. "Dressing as Light Yagami, huh?" His frown only deepened. "This only solidifies the proof that you're a homo; Yagami spelled backwards is 'I'm a gay'."

The Asian scoffed. "Yagami means 'Night God', not 'I'm a gay' spelled backwards. Seeing as the creators of Death Note are Japanese, I highly doubt it was in their intentions to make Light Yagami's name mean that."

"That's not even proper syntax. It would just be 'I'm gay'; 'I'm a gay' simply makes no sense." The German joined in, equally disdainful.

The monster gave an insane laugh. "What are you two, the fag's homo lovers?!" If only that were the case. Wait, where did that come from?! Now's not the time to be thinking that! "One of you is dressed as Teru Mikami, how fitting! We all know he was super gay for Light! Both of them are disgusting fags like you three are!" The fiend tightened the noose, the two nations watching helplessly in unimaginable horror as the poor boy was slammed against a wall, the victim shrieking as his pants and boxers were ripped off. "I'll teach you not to show off your disgusting gayness to the world you ugly effeminate faâ€" The homophobe never finished his sentence as two enraged countries tackled him onto the ground while he was momentarily occupied, the pair unleashing all of the fury they had bottled up ever since they had the misfortune of meeting such a horrible person...meaning they were beating the ever-loving crap out of him. Not a pretty sight. A moment the man would regret forever...

"KONO BAKEMONO!" Japan roared. "TO THINK YOU WOULD ACTUALLY TRY TO RAPE ITALIA-KUN!" Punch. Kick. Step on...questionable regions. You would think a male who is only 5'5" would suffer utter defeat against someone who is literally more than a foot above him in height. No such thing here.

As the beast curled up into a ball of pain, the German whaled on him with his fists followed by a full-body slam. "UNMENSCH! YOU DEMON! YOU RAPIST!" Seriously, despite being burly and larger than both countries, he simply didn't stand a chance.

"You yourself must be gay." The Asian narrowed his eyes. Uppercut. "Why else would you be so eager to rape another male when you attack guys for being gay?" Oh he went there.

Smash. "You hypocrite. If you can't accept who you are and take it out on others, you are nothing more than scum."

"No, even less than scum." The raven corrected, glowering at the monster. "You are the scum of scum. The most filthy and cold of scum." Stomp. "Not only that, the one you tried to rape is Italy. You tried to rape your own country."

Bash. "Rape is one of the most heinous crimes out there and you tried committing it against your own country." The blond picked up the ragdoll by the front of his shirt, socking him in the face. "IN OTHER WORDS, YOU COMMITTED THE HIGHEST TREASON POSSIBLE, SUCCESSFUL OR NOT! YOU BETRAYED YOUR OWN COUNTRY YOU Bâ€" "

"Stop it!" The pair immediately ceased upon hearing the Italian's voice, tears pouring out of the brunet's eyes. "Stop beating the life out of him! I can't stand to see anyone being hurt, even those who try to hurt me!" He sobbed. "Please stop!"

Unable to deny their beloved, both complied, halting their assault. "...Alright."

"Thanks for rescuing me you two!" The prior victim beamed as the streams dried up, the dazzling smile flustering both saviors.

"N-No problem Italien."

"I-It was nothing Italia-kun!"

"AAAAHHHHHHH!" Taking advantage of the opportunity, the homophobe fled, running like a pansy as he had so accused the auburn of being earlier.

The blond cursed. "Drat! He got away..."

"Don't be so sure about that, Doitsu-san." And then he saw what Japan was pointing at; several squad cars surrounded the monster, trapping him as cops exited. He was subsequently arrested, placed in the back of one of the vehicles. Why didn't they come earlier?!

The voices of the police carried over. "...This guy is a known rapist who targets young men despite claiming to abhor homosexuals."

"The latest victim must have fought back; look at all these injuries."

"Serves this guy well; rape is a terrible, terrible crime."

"About time he was caught."

Italy appeared uneasy, fidgeting at the conversation. "...Can we please go? I don't want to get involved in this kind of stuff."

"...Ja!"

"...Hai!"

However, those two were unable to focus as something else caught their attention; unprotected by any form of cover, their gaze fell upon those smooth legs that went on for miles. If they trailed their eyes up—"no! Stop right there! "...Please put your boxers and pants back on." Let's just say there would have been two dead countries if nothing had been done about that...situation.

"Okay." The instructed shrugged as he complied, fully clothed once more. The two sighed in relief; crisis averted.

The sudden melancholic look on the normally blithe's face once again failed to go unnoticed by the pair, the raven placing a hand on the brunet's shoulder. "This experience must have been absolutely traumatizing for you. Being beaten and nearly raped..." One could _swear_ his eyes began to water.

"If only we had never left you alone..." The blond hung his head, filled with shame.

Japan did the same. "We should have been with you the entire time; this never would have happened if we had been more attentive."

"No, don't blame yourselves." The addressed raised their heads at the words, watching as limpid brown eyes were hid by bangs. "...It's all my fault. I shouldn't have ran off in the first place."

The Asian cried out. "You didn't know there would be a rapist here!"

"Yeah, but..." The auburn sighed, trailing off. "You know, that guy wasn't completely wrong about me." Crimson coated his cheeks. "...I'm still a virgin."

A deep flush ignited in the listeners' faces, both spontaneously combusting. "I-It isn't...necessarily bad to still be a virgin." Germany stuttered.

"Y-You're just waiting for the right person!" Japan stammered, equally flustered.

The brunet drooped. "I guess..." He was still down, which _wasn't_ normal.

"...You really do put Light Yagami to shame." The auburned raised his head, glancing at the raven. "You are so much better than him in every way."

Italy chuckled at that. "Other than the fact I don't go around murdering people, trying to become the God of the new world?"

"Of course." Japan laughed. "You're very kind, sweet, cheerful..." A far-off look manifested on his features. "...make me do things I would never considering doing otherwise..." The expression on his visage softened as fondness became even more evident. "...and are breathtakingly beautiful."

Touched, the brunet beamed, trapping the onyx in a tight embrace.

"Arigato Nihon!" The use of the Asian's language only served to further warm his heart, giving a genuine smile.

"...No problem, Italia-kun." The raven wrapped his arms around the hazel, returning the embrace.

Germany cleared his throat, not liking where this was going. At. All. "We should probably leave, given what's happened earlier."

"Aww! We can't go! The fireworks haven't even started yet!" Italy exclaimed. He let go of the raven before cupping his friends' cheeks, caressing them softly. "Let's forget about this experience and enjoy the rest of today." He looked into their eyes, his own begging. "Please?"

He never looked more beautiful than he had in that instant, still able to beam so brightly despite being beaten up, the large smile contrasting wildly against the deep purple bruises blooming all over his skin. If they thought they had fallen for the Italian before, they now fell even harder, falling into a bottomless pit with no hope of getting up or even stopping.

"...ich verstehe."

"...Wakatta."

The three then stood, heading back to whence they came. As they returned to the streets of Florence, a suddenly compulsion overtook the blond. "Um...Italy?" He blushed as the addressed turned toward him. "...You are the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. I'm incredibly glad I met you. My life would be so dull without you in it."

"Aww! Thanks so much Germania!" Italy exclaimed, throwing himself onto his fellow European who caught him in his arms, returning the hug.

Feeling a prickling sensation, the blond looked down, catching the raven's eye as he shot the tallest a glare, returning it indefinitely. They could glare at each other for all of eternity and still not be done, able to go on for forever more. It was a wonder how they went unnoticed by the auburn though...

You would think that after this experience, Japan and Germany would get along better, working together to protect their beloved brunet from any possible danger coming his way. Most would. That would be the logical conclusion. However, the exact opposite occurred; this experience made them determined more than ever to fight over Italy, both wanting no needing to claim the Italian. No one else is allowed to claim him; that thought ran through both of their minds as they glared at each other with a renewed vigor, orbs filled with raging jealousy and intense possessiveness. Logic died a horrible death in the face of those green-eyed monsters as they took over the two countries. It seemed as though the goodwill from earlier had outright vanished, inverted completely as it morphed into the ugliest of hatred. Yes, the ugliest of hatred was born...

All opposition must be cast away...

* * *

><p>Translation:

â€¢German: Italien=Italy, Unmensch=Monster, Ja=Yes, ich verstehe=I understand

â€¢Japanese: Italia=Italy, Doitsu=Germany, Kono=This, bakemono=monster, Hai=Yes, Wakatta=I understand, Arigato=Thank you, Nihon=Japan

â€¢Italian: Germania=Germany, Giappone=Japan, Aiutami=Help me, Salvami=Save me, Sono cosÃ¬ felice=I'm so happy

By the way, "Twisted homos making me want to puke" and "Kill yourself, disgusting virgin fag" are actually flames I received on my shounen-ai stories in the past, the second one being just recent. In fact, I was so offended by the latter that I deleted it. Always pops up when I update Of Thirty-One Days though, that and some variation. Sigh. I just want it to stop already. Ã—_Ã—"

Sadly, such hate crimes actually do exist. Homosexual people have actually been murdered just for being gay. What a tragedy! If only everyone was more accepting! We would have a lot less problems in the world then! Keep dreaming! ToT

How was it?

****Please review! I really appreciate them and they motivate me to write more!****

5. Chapter 5

Hello readers! I would like to thank ****Chinasky****, ****Waterheart Dragon****, and ****Jazz**** for reviewing the previous chapter after ****Loriel Fluer**** for doing so twice plus ****RoseBadwolf1000**** for commenting on it in addition to favoriting plus following not forgetting ****Cielo-Caelum**** for favoriting before following! Thank you very much! I really appreciate it!

Thank goodness it was just a misunderstanding ****Loriel Fluer****!
^^,

Thank you so much ****Chinasky****! I hope you continue to stick with this story to the very end! (:

I'm glad you enjoy the development ****Waterheart Dragon****! :D

It's so sad indeed ****Jazz****! ToT

YEAH! BOTH RAPE AND ATTEMPTED RAPE ARE SOME OF THE WORST CRIMES THERE ARE! DX

His presence _SURE_ can! C:

Mission accomplished! ;)

Oh yeah, remember the dark turn this fic took? The mood will actually lighten up again...only to turn dark once more...only to lighten again...and so on. :3

What will happen indeed... :D

Oh oops! I didn't know whom you were referring to! ^^'

I'm glad you like this story so far **RoseBadwolf1000**!

^_^

ALSO...I decided to change the rules a little bit once again: the first EIGHT people who guess correctly receive that special prize from me at the end of this story! It's not just four or one anymore! I'll put this change in the second and first chapters too! XD

I'm feeling EXTRA generous due to the great response this story has been receiving! :D

Disclaimer: I do not own any aspect of Hetalia. It belongs to Hidekaz Himaruya. I only own this and every other story I have.

* * *

><p>All opposition must be cast away..._
>

* * *

><p>"Ve~! I just can't wait for the fireworks to start!"<p>

By the time the trio had returned to Florence, the sun had sunk below the horizon, the day at last changing to night. Innumerable stars dotted the ebon sky, free of clouds or any form of cover. The twinkling, heavenly dots only added to the serene atmosphere of the ethereal city. Just how beautiful the municipal would be once the sparks are launched into the air...

The blond smiled. "You're really excited Italien."

"Of course I am Germania!" Italy beamed. "The weather is perfect and the sky is clear! These conditions are perfect for the fireworks festival!"

Japan chuckled. "I heard Italian fireworks displays are especially beautiful." He laughed at the excited nod he received. "I can't wait to see them for myself, above such a beautiful land..." Seriously, that comment made the brunet blush! It seemed as if the earlier attack had not occurred...

"Grazie Giappone!" Italy could not help but feel flattered.

Oh Germany wanted to join in on that. "I can't wait either." The blond added, the flush on the auburn's face only intensifying.

"Oh smettere di ragazzi! You're embarrassing me!" The redness of the brunet's cheeks attested to that.

Nope. "Why should I stop telling what's true, Italia-kun?" The raven smirked.

"There's no reason to, so I say we should continue." The German wore the same expression as the Asian, only serving to fluster the blithe

more. Seriously, is this revenge for all the times the brunet flustered them?! Intentional or not, it sure seemed like it. Not that Italy actually minded in the end though; all three shared a good laugh, not able to hold it in anymore.

All was good in the world. All was at peace. Nothing could go wrong, right? Right?! "Boo!"

"AAAAHHHHHHH!" What popped out of the blue _terrified_ the living daylights out of the poor boy; a deathly pale bloated visage sporting blood-shot eyes lacking pupils above the most rotten daggers of teeth, veins and welts all over the skin pounced from the shadows, the being possessing that face leaping at the Italian, arms out as it made the most grotesque of groans. The panic-stricken jumped ten feet into the air, automatically throwing himself into the bulky arms that have always kept him safe. "GERMANIA! SONO SPAVENTATO!"

The ghoul suddenly let out a bark of laughter, the face detaching to show one of a regular teenage male. "Oh my god! That was _priceless!_" He wiped away the tears that formed in his eyes, clutching onto his sides as he was overtaken by bouts and bouts of unrestrained laughter.

"I-It's just a mask?!" The brunet whimpered, peeking his head from the German's chest.

The adolescent scoffed. "What are you, _stupid? _Of course it is!"

"Watch your mouth you insolent brat!" Germany barked, narrowing his eyes at the tactless teen. "Show some respect! The guy you just frightened is Italy, your own country!"

The youth snickered. "Man, I didn't know my own country is such a wimp! Anyone with even an ounce more bravery would realize that right off the bat!" What a rude, rude person. The guy glanced over the trembling nation, scoffing at what he saw. "I can't believe my own country can't even win a fight. I can see all those bruises. Seeing as you're such a scaredy-cat, you must have lost _miserably_." He sneered. "Now I'm ashamed to be an Italian. Why was I so cursed to be born as this _miserable_ nationality?"

"WHY YOUâ€" However, something stopped the blond from acting on his oh so obvious promise of beating the bully's face in; his beloved wrapped his arms even more tightly around his chest, sobbing. The normally harsh man's heart broke. Just simply broke. Poor Italy just can't catch a break! First the rapist homophobe and now a heartless bully! Plus what's going on with his two closest friends...poor him! Poor indeed!

Jealousy could not even _begin_ to describe what overtook the raven as he watched _his_ Italy cling onto his rival, said rival returning the strong embrace vigorously. However, there were much more pressing matters to attend to. _Much_ more pressing, such as eviscerating the moronic monster who _dared_ so much as terrify _his_ Italy just to get a kick out of it. "Would you like me to tell you how your country got those bruises?" Japan asked, being faux affable; the deep scowl on his face betrayed any notion of politeness. "He was almost raped by a horrible fiend."

"What he says is true." Germany affirmed, glaring at the tormentor as if waiting for him to refute.

You would think that would earn some sympathy. "Well deserved." Or not. "First my country is a pathetic wimp, and now I find out he's gay! I'm getting out of here as soon as possible!" He scoffed. "I don't want to become a wuss or a fag." He shivered. "Or both. God forbid both! I would rather die!"

"Nani?" That feckless youth broke the last straw. "What did you say you piece of trash? Italy is your own country and you dare talk bad about him, even after finding out he was almost raped?" He spat. "Sore o kurikaesu no o konomu? Kono mujÅ•na kaibutsu."

The offender could not understand a lick of Japanese coming from the Asian's mouth. That didn't stop him from taking several steps back in absolute terror as the raven inched forward, killer intent radiating off of him. The teen was scared for his life, simple as that. "H-Hey! It was just a joke! Chill out!"

"Teme wa kuzu." The ebon hissed, the temperature dropping several degrees. Gulp. "Just a joke? Do you know how damaging such 'jokes' can be?"

The guy waved his hands in a placating gesture. "Did you ever hear of 'Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words will never hurt me'? Words don't hurt at all!"

"Whoever wrote that is the greatest liar there was and ever will be!" Three pairs of eyes widened in shock as they realized the brunet was the one to say that, brown eyes narrowed. "Words hurt a lot! Physical wounds will heal with simple treatment, but wounds inflicted by words may never recover!" Why did it sound like he was talking from experience?!

Germany growled at the bully, further tightening his hold on his beloved. "Is that your excuse for attacking anyone you want? Because you won't inflict physical damage?" He scoffed. "Have you ever heard of verbal abuse?"

"What I'm saying is the truth though and the truth hurts!" Panic made its way to the cornered's voice.

Bad choice. The raven took several menacing steps forward. "First you said what you said was a joke and that words don't hurtâ€" "

"And now that what you're saying is the truth and that it hurts?" The blond finished, glaring daggers at the adolescent. "Which is it? Both contradict each other." He sneered. "You hypocrite."

The feckless youth began to tremble in his shoes. "G-Go away!"

"We will once you apologize to Italy for saying such horrible things to him." There was no room for compromise; the sharp glint in the Asian's piercing black eyes spoke volumes.

The German nodded. "And also for scaring him earlier. That would be the right thing to do."

"Never!" The loathed suddenly put the disguise back on, screaming as

loudly as he possibly could.
"RRRRROOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!"

Although that had earned a horrified shriek from the poor Italianâ€"not taken lightly in the least of course as the German held the terrified closer to him, the Japanese snarlingâ€"it had failed to scare the two other nations. After they had calmed the panicked down, they faced the tactless with emotionless eyes, not amused. At. All.

"Why should I even apologize to that cowardly queer?! I-I would rather die!" Terrible choice of words.

Not even the most grotesque and well-crafted of masks could ever be scarier than the Japanese's glare as it fixed onto the offender. "You would rather die? Would you like for me to fulfill that wish?" The teen fled not even a moment later, running like the devil was at his heels. Which it was. Verbal evisceration complete.

"T-Thanks!" The two turned back to the brunet who let himself out of the blond's grasp, shivering. "But you guys scared me too!" Chills ran up and down his spine as he faced Japan. "I never heard you call anyone 'kuzu' or 'mujiÅ•na kaibutsu' before!" He then faced Germany. "And I thought you were going to pound that bully's face in! Despite how horrible that guy was, he was just a kid! And besides, there are always people who take joy in making other people miserable! Some people are just like that!" Tears began leaking out. "Don't scare me anymore! Please! Per favore!"

Once again, the pair was unable to deny begging limpid brown eyes.
"...Hai."

"...Ja."

And once again, the sudden melancholic look on the normally blithe's face failed to go unnoticed. However, this time, the sadden spoke up himself. "...Two people have called me a fag now: that homophobe and that bully. Am I really a fag?"

"You aren't!" The German immediately responded. Why did that answer hurt so much though?! "You may be strange, but that doesn't automatically make you a fag!"

The Japanese reluctantly nodded. "And besides, we both know how much you like girls." So much pain!

"Actually..." That single word hooked the listeners in in an instant. The auburn shyly looked up at his friends. "Although I have always found girls to be pretty...I've never been in love with one in the past. Or even had a crush on one."

The raven's jaw dropped onto the ground. "EH?! But you've been around for many years! How is it possible that you haven't fallen for a girl?!"

"I don't know." The confessor shrugged. "I just never did." He gave a sad laugh. "Is there something wrong with me?"

The blond shook his head. "You're perfectly fine the way you are. Those jerks are just idiots."

"But how would you know you were never in love if you haven't been with anyone?" The sable questioned. "You wouldn't be able to know what it was like if you've never experienced it before."

Germany scratched his chin. "I have to agree on that one."

"That's not true." Limpid brown eyes were shaded by bangs. "I did have a first love."

Black eyes nearly bugged out of his skull. "HONTÅENI?! Then you really did love a girâ€" "

"A guy."

Those two words stopped him short. "Nani?!"

"My first love...was a guy." So Japan did hear him right!

Realization dawned on the blond. "Italy told me this before, a long time ago..." The raven couldn't even bring himself to be jealous, shocked beyond belief.

"So you're actually gay?!" Please say yes! Wait, where was that thought coming from?!

Say yes! Say yes! "No." Two broken hearts sunk into the deepest abyss with no hope of return. "I'm not straight either." Hearts still sunk. "...I'm bi." Hearts soaring back to their rightful chests!

"As in..." Hope returning!

Italy nodded. "As in bisexual; I like guys and girls. I find both attractive." Hearts in hyperdrive! They had a chance! YES!

"Wait!" Something seemed off though. Japan was perplexed as he faced the brunet. "If you like both genders...why have you only flirted with girls?" Please don't sound jealous! Please. Don't. Sound. Jealous!

The questioned immediately flinched, hands held up as fear overtook him. "I don't want to be punched in the face! I don't think most guys would like it if another guy flirted with them!" He trembled. "I don't want to be beaten up!"

"Sumimasen!" The Asian bowed, truly apologetic. "I didn't mean to upset you! I'm so sorry!"

The brunet shook his head. "...It's nothing."

"Hey Italy..." The addressed turned to Germany as he spoke. "...What ever happened to your first love? Where is he now?"

Unimaginable pain flashed past the sullen's face. "...Please don't ask. Either of you."

"...ich verstehe."

"...Wakatta."

After all, both hated seeing their precious beloved suffering. Said beloved rustled, immediately drawing their attention back to him. "...Do you guys see me as a loser now?" Limpid brown eyes were hidden once again. "I mean, other than my first love, I haven't been with anyone, guy or girl. I'm so lame!"

"DON'T EVER SAY THAT!" The chastiser gasped, shocked at the dual exclamation.

Germany grasped his fellow European's shoulders. "You aren't lame at all! Someone isn't made more incredible because they had multiple partners and sleep around! If anything, that makes them a player!"

"That's right!" Japan followed as he interlaced his fingers with the brunet's. "And even if every male and female went after you, I know you wouldn't just cast them onto the side! You're not that kind of person. In fact, you're very honorable!"

Italy gave a self-depreciating laugh, unable to meet his friends' eyes. "Even though I'm strange and am unable to keep my hands to myself?"

"Of course!" Japan exclaimed as he took hold of the hazel's head, forcing him to make eye contact. "No matter how much someone hurts you, you could never bring yourself to hold a grudge against them; you're always able to forgive them with a smile on your face!"

The blond grabbed the brunet's chin, turning the auburn to face him. "You don't know how hard that actually is." He sighed. "In the past, I always held a distrust of other countries; all I saw was countries taking advantage of other countries for their own gain, yet would go to war without a second thought." Fondness graced his features. "And then I met you; no matter how badly I treated you after we first met, you always came back to me with that beautiful smile on your face." He shook his head. "And even as you caused me trouble from time to time...I actually enjoyed rescuing you, bailing you out despite how angry and annoyed I seemed every time." He chuckled. "You were always by my side, no matter what. Even when I screamed at you, you stayed. Even when I punched you, you stayed. Even when I choked you, you stayed. That earns a lot of respect from me." He lowered his head. "...I'm sorry for hurting you all those times."

"Aww! Don't sweat it Germania!" The addressed sheepishly scratched the back of his neck. "I was never angry at you for that!"

The raven once again made his beloved face him. "You see what I mean? You're a very honorable person." His cheeks reddened. "And...I'm deeply sorry for how I acted towards you when we first met; you did not deserve the aloofness I exhibited towards you."

"Nah! It's fine!" Italy beamed. "I was never mad at you either!"

The Asian sighed in relief. "Watashi wa ureshiÄ«."

"So..." The pair glanced back at him as a blush ignited his cheeks. "You both don't mind that I find guys attractive too?" His flush only darkened. "You know, I always thought you both are very handsome."

Said nations spontaneously combusted. "O-Of course not!" Japan stammered. "In fact, I've always thought you are very handsome too!"

"Y-Yeah! What he said!" Germany stuttered. He became redder than his own blood in an instant. "And to tell you the truth, you aren't the only one who's still a virgin."

Italy was confused. "What are you saying?" He cocked his head to the side. "Are you saying you're a virgin too?" The blond abruptly imploding was more than enough to answer his question. The perplexed then turned, facing his other companion. "Giappone, are you a virgin too?"

"H-Hai I-Italia-k-kun!" Tomatoes from all over were envious of him at that moment. "I-In fact, I've never actually been in a relationship before!"

Brown eyes widened in shock. "No way!"

"S-Same here." Come on, where's the explosions of guts?!

Italy beamed, limpid brown eyes limpid once more. "Grazie! I feel so much better now!"

"...DÅ•itashimashite."

"...Bitte."

"Ne ne! I have a new name for the three of us!" Italy grinned as he excitedly spread his arms out. "How about the Axis Virgin Trio?"

Two jaws smashed onto the ground simultaneously. Germany was the first to regain his composure, eyes narrowed at the Italian. "NO!"

"I-I don't think it's a very good idea..." I wonder why?

Italy groaned. "Aww! Why not?! You guys just said it isn't a bad thing for me to still be a virgin, and the same goes for you two!" He crossed his arms, pouting. "Why not?!"

"J-Just no." Seriously, this guy would be the death of them.

The brunet sighed. "...Okay." His frown quickly morphed back into a dazzling smile, the blithe throwing his arms around his two friends who at last realized what position they were in, jumping back as though burned. Just how easily flustered are the pair by the Italian? Don't answer that question.

"...So Italia-kun," Japan oh so discreetly moved closer back to the brunet's side, face ignited, "do you have anyone who has won your favor as of now?"

Germany did the same. "...Are you in love with anyone right now Italien?"

"EH?!" Brown eyes widened into saucers. "Why are you asking me this question?!"

Closer. "We just want to know Italia-kun."

"Yeah, we just want to know Italien." Closer.

They exchanged a heated glare as they went to either side of the brunet, wanting no needing the answer to be one of them and one of them only. However, the auburn's sigh broke them from their match. "I'm not telling!"

"So you do have someone you're fond of, Italia-kun?" Fell for the trap.

Italy pouted. "I'm still not telling!"

"Since when were you not willing to tell us something?" Germany demanded. "Come on, tell us."

"Tell us."

"Tell us."

"Tell us."

"Tell us."

"Tell us."

"Tell us."

"Tell us."

"Tell us."

"AHH! You guys are scaring me!" The shriek that followed was enough to stop the pair's mindless chanting.

That doesn't necessarily mean they stopped altogether. "We're your best friends, Italia-kun. Your secret is safe with us; the person you love will never have to know." Lies.

"No means no!" The obstinate stomped his foot. He sighed. "Besides, I'm way out of their league."

That one word dropped two mouths. "'They'?! As in plural?!"

"No!" The shout was a little too fast though. Luckily, it went past the shocked nations. "I meant that they could be a girl too! I only said I never fell for a girl in the past!"

The temperature plummeted below freezing. "So you're in love with a girl right now?" Why was that word spat out? In such contempt?

"I'm not telling!" That was not a yes. Nor was that a no. The persistent hung his head. "Besides, didn't I say I'm way out of their league?"

Seriously, even the South Pole couldn't get as cold as the atmosphere at that moment. "Who is this person, Italia-kun?"

"We'll teach this person a lesson." Knuckles were cracked. Two sets of knuckles to be precise.

Italy face-palmed. How uncharacteristic. "I don't want you to beat them up!" And he added under his breath... "And I don't think you even could."

"Want to bet?" Ominous glasses glint.

Ominous aura. "We'll see about that."

"Oh come on!" The interrogated groaned, frustrated. Once again, how uncharacteristic. He finally gave in. "Fine." Two faces brightened. "I'll give you a hint as to who they are..." He suddenly turned, dust flying as he ran off. "You'll have to catch me first!" As he disappeared into the horizon, a second shout rang out. "Oh yeah! You can't use nets, ropes, snares, whips, other people, motor vehicles, drones, robots, traps, animals, plants, mythical creatures, and anything besides just catching me in your arms! You only have an hour!" Did he have to list that many things? On the other hand...probably.

Germany and Japan exchanged a glance, reaching a silent and swift agreement as they took off, chasing their beloved. You would think they finally reached an understanding. Don't be mistaken. Oh they still hated each other. Oh they still wanted to have the Italian all to themselves. Oh they were still insanely jealous of each other. They just wanted to make sure their beloved was safe, that no encounters with rapists or bullies would happen again...or so they kept telling themselves. Of course they didn't want any harm falling onto their beloved! Of course not! Never! However, they needed to find out who their precious Italy was in love with and now...even if it meant negotiating a temporary ceasefire. Temporary.

"Italia-kun! I'll make you as much pasta as you could possibly eat for the rest of eternity if you return now!" How could the Italian resist pasta? If you cannot catch someone, lure them in.

"I can make my own pasta!" An answering shout echoed. "I'm not telling!" Guess he can. Shock.

Germany scoffed. "You're going about this the wrong way, Japan." He cupped his mouth, taking in a deep breath. "ITALIEN! IF YOU DON'T COME HERE THIS VERY INSTANT, YOU'LL NEVER SEE ANOTHER BITE OF PASTA EVER AGAIN!"

"NOOOOOO!" The blur in the distance only zipped away faster at the threat.

The raven scoffed. "Your approach worked so well."

"Humph." The larger scoffed back. He then reached into the magical space all anime characters have, whipping out a book conveniently titled 'How to Catch a Runaway Italian'." After skimming through several pagesâ€”still on the move of courseâ€”he once again made to yell. "HEY ITALY! IF YOU DON'T COME BACK RIGHT THIS INSTANT, I'LL FORCE YOU TO EAT ENGLAND'S SCONES FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE!"

"NOOOOOOOOOO! DO YOU HATE ME THAT MUCH?!" Opposite effect than what was intended. Opposite effect indeed.

The Asian glared. "Really? Igirisu-san's scones? Are you trying to poison Italia-kun?"

"Stupid book!" Yeah, blame all your life's problems on a single book. Which was what he did as he savagely tore it in half, tossing both pieces to the side. Poor book!

Japan tried once again. "Italia-kun! How about I make you some dango and gelato? I'll make as much as you can eat and more!"

"I'M STILL NOT TELLING!" As expected.

Desperate times called for desperate measures. Gulp. They _so_ didn't want to do this. Sharing a glance, both knew what had to be done. Double gulp. The German took the Japanese in one arm—both cringing as the larger did so—before taking off once again, the blond running faster than he thought possible towards the faster-than-light Italian. Seriously, just how fast could he run?! If only they were allowed to have a car...or a falcon. "ITALIEN!"

"ITALIA-KUN!"

The people on the streets stared at the pair as though they were insane—which they may or may not be. Seriously, what kind of man carried another dressed in a Teru Mikami cosplay, running through the streets as though they were on pursuit of someone—which they were? It was a wonder no one had collided into them. A real wonder indeed. If only Light Yagami had Italy's speed, he would never have been caught, most likely able to run to a spare piece of the Death Note and kill all those in his way before they knew what hit them. Good thing Italy isn't actually Light. Shudder.

The three—one way ahead of the other two—finally made it to a clearing, no one else around. Thank goodness; they didn't need any more people questioning their sanity. They're perfectly sane for your information! Once the German tired—the brunet still on the run for god knows how—the Japanese got off, chasing the Italian all on his own. "Mattekudasai! Italia-kun!"

"NO! I WILL NOT WAIT FOR YOU!" Losing all hope.

Even as the raven lost his breath, the auburn was still able to go. How ridiculous! Just how strong are those legs?! Hmm...strong legs—no! Don't think that! As the German caught up to the Japanese—both panting harshly—they exchanged a desolate glance. Forget about their mutual hatred; they didn't want to lose their beloved to some stranger. Or even worse: another country. To think of Italy giving _another_ such warm hugs—wait! That's it!

"ITALIEN! IF YOU DO NOT RETURN TO US, YOU WON'T GET ANY MORE HUGS!"

"ITALIA-KUN! IF YOU DO NOT RETURN TO US, YOU WON'T GET ANY MORE HUGS!"

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" The blur flashed even faster than ever

before except in the opposite direction; the two countries suddenly found themselves on their backs, arms full of Italy. "YOU CAN'T TAKE AWAY MY HUGS! ANYTHING BUT THE HUGS!"

Mission accomplished. The two smirked as they returned the embrace. "We caught you within in hour. Tell us."

"Really?!" The pair gulped as the hazel checked his watch. They must be right! They had to be right! "Fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds passed." He groaned. "Aww man!"

Their hearts nearly stopped. "Why didn't you hold out for that extra second, Italia-kun?"

"It wouldn't have been hard to do so." That's definitely true; all Italy had to do was run just a smidgen bit slower.

A blush ignited on the brunet's cheeks. "But...I don't want to lose my hugs from you both!" He pouted. "I had to hurry as soon as possible!"

"Y-You know I would never actually do that, Italia-kun." Another explosion was building up. "Watashi wa hontÅ•ni kimi o dakishimetaidesu!" Boom.

Italy beamed. "Aww! I really like hugging you too Nihon!"

"Same here. I...like hugging you too Italien." Germany stuttered.

The addressed sheepishly rubbed the back of his neck. "Grazie Germania!"

"Now..." Let's get down to business. "Tell us."

There's no use in stalling. "...Fine." The demanded reluctantly nodded. "I'll tell you..." Just hurry up! The two countries were dying little by little at every second that ticked past. "...They're very precious to me. They're irreplaceable." And then the speaker stood, grinning. "There! I told you!" He then turned back towards the city, creating another dust cloud as he rushed back towards it. "Come on Germania! Giappone! The fireworks will start very soon! Let's watch from Florence!"

Japan and Germany stood there, mouths agape as they stared after their beloved. That little hint didn't help the two at all to their dismay. Just who could it be?

* * *

><p>Translation:

â€¢German: Italien=Italy, Ja=Yes, ich verstehe=I understand, Bitte=You're welcome

â€¢Japanese: Italia=Italy, Nani=What, Sore o kurikaesu no o konomu=Would you like to repeat that, Kono mujÅ•na kaibutsu=This heartless monster, Teme wa kuzu=You're trash, Hai=Yes, HontÅ•ni=Really, Sumimasen=Sorry, Wakatta=I understand, Watashi wa ureshÅ•=I'm glad, DÅ•itashimashite=You're welcome, Ne=Hey,

Igirisu=England, Mattekudasai=Please wait for me, Watashi wa hontÅ•ni
kimi o dakishimetaidesu=I really like hugging you,
Nihon=Japan

â€¢Italian: Germania=Germany, Grazie=Thanks, Giappone=Japan, Oh
smettere di ragazzi=Oh stop guys, Sono spaventato=I'm scared, Per
favore=Please

Sadly, such people who think it's fun to make people feel bad about
themselves actually do exist. Believe me, there is one such person in
my life. In fact, I'm one of that person's targets. /:

By the way, whoever wrote 'Sticks and stones may break my bones, but
words will never hurt me' is the _GREATEST_ liar there ever was and
will be! Words can hurt _A LOT! _In fact, check out this version of
that poem! It's_ SO_ much
better!

poemhunter(d)com/poem/sticks-and-stones-10/

How was it?

****Please review! I really appreciate them and they motivate me to
write more!****

6. Chapter 6

Author's Note:

I'm truly sorry about how abrupt this may seem, but I'll have to put
this story on a temporary hiatus due to me having to study for five
AP exams which I'll be taking in the next two weeks and having to do
a _HUGE_ project for English IV AP. I'm so sorry! I really tried
holding it out! In fact, I sacrificed the time I _REALLY_ should have
been using to study for my five tests this weekâ€œexcluding my AP
Examsâ€œon writing chapter five! I just can't make the time anymore!
I'M SO SORRY! ToT

However, I'll use whatever smidgen of time I have to write the
upcoming chapters and flesh them out. I _MIGHT_ actually be able to
update some time soon, but I won't be able to do so every four days
at most like I've been doing up until chapter five. Don't expect
anything though. I apologize for the inconvenience. /:

Please wish me luck in a review! I'll need them in order to survive
the next two weeks! I've been sacrificing _A LOT_ of time to update
this, so leaving a little comment shouldn't be too hard or uncalled
for! Reviewsâ€œpositive ones of courseâ€œ_REALLY_ make my day, even
if it's only '(:'! It's the least you as readers can do so _PLEASE
PLEASE PLEASE _review! (**:**

End
file.